Chicago Daily Tribune

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THE CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE

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THE CHICAGO TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

THE CHICAGO WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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REMOVAL.

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REMOVAL.

The Daily Tribune.

THE FLIGHT WITH A DEVIL-FISH.

From Mr. Goulding's "Young Marooners."

(Concluded.)

Up to that time, Harold had been the life and soul of the exertions made. His courage and energy had inspired all the rest with confidence, but now that his strong spirit gave way, and he sank into his seat and burst into tears, it seemed as if all hope was gone. Robert threw down his piece of plate, and went to rest himself; by Mary, in the under part of the boat. Frank had long since cried himself to sleep, and there he lay, sobbing in his slumbers, with his head in Mary's lap. Mary was ill-pale from suffering and misery; having recovered by means of the water and fanning, she had summoned her courage, and tried to comfort Frank with the hope that Harold and Robert would succeed in breaking the chain, and then they would spread their beautiful sail and return home. When Robert took his seat, Frank awaked and asked for water.

"Sister Mary," said he, "where's father? I don't see him here."

"No, brother," she replied, her eyes filling with tears, to think that he had awaked to so sad a reality, "father is at home."

"Sister," said he, "I dreamed that father was with us, that he prayed to God to help us, and God made the fish let go, and we all went home. Brother Robert, have you broken the chain?"

"The last speech was too much for Robert's fortitude, tried already by repeated disappointments. He covered his face with his cap, and his whole body shook with emotion.

"Brother Robert," said Mary, speaking through her own tears, "you ought not to give up so. The fish is obliged to let go some time or other, and then may be some ship will pass by and take us on. Remember how long people have floated upon pieces of a wreck, even without anything to eat, while we have plenty to eat for a month. Brother Robert and Cousin Harold, do try to be comforted."

She then poured the water for Frank, and gave him something to eat. "Brother," she added, "Cousin and Cousin Harold have worked hard and eaten nothing. Will you go, take something? There are some nice cakes." Both declined. "Well, here is some water. I know you must be thirsty."

Harold was so much surprised to see a girl of Mary's age and gentle sphere exercising more self-control than himself, that he was ashamed out of his despair. He did not then know that truth in the female character, which fits her to succour when true stronger spirit has been overwhelmed. He drank a mouthful of the water. She headed it also to Robert, but he pushed it away, saying, "No, sister, I do not want anything now. If I have done all that could have been done, you try!"

"No, brother," she replied, "not all. There's one thing more that you have not even tried to do; and that may help us more than anything else. It is to pray to God to help us."

"O'yes, brother," Frank added, "don't you remember what father read to us out of the Bible and talked to us about? What is it sister?"

"Yes, brother, he mentioned, I remember that thy father prayed for us when he saw us going off. And sister and I have been praying here, while you and cousin Harold were working yonder. Brother Robert, God will take care of us, if we pray to him."

"What Frank says is true, brother," said Mary. "He and I have been praying most of the time that you were working. And now see the difference! when you have given up every thing, he and I are quite as hoping. Brother Robert, we all ought to pray."

"I pray:—I have prayed," replied Robert. "That grace he arrested Mary, 'but what I mean is, that we all ought to pray together."

"I cannot pray aloud," Robert answered; "I never did it. I do not know how to do it. But we can all kneel down together, and pray silently that God will have mercy upon us. Harold, will you join us in the kneeling down?"

As they were rising for this purpose, Frank called out,

"Brother, what is that yonder? Isn't it a boat coming to meet us?"

Their eyes turned in the direction of Frank's finger, and it was plain that a sail had neared into the offing far away to the south, almost in their course. The sun shone upon the snow white canvas.

"God be praised!" exclaim'd Robert, "that is a vessel! Who knows but we may yet meet and be saved! Let us kneel down and pray God to be merciful to us."

They did so; and when they rose from their knees the vessel was plainly nearer.

"Let us try her with the spy-glass," said Robert, and drawing it out to its proper length, he gazed steadily at her for a minute. "That is a schooner or rather a brigantine. That is, I can see her sails and masts. She is rigged like a revenue cutter, and seems also to have the yoke of one. She is coming this way; and if she is a cutter, she is almost certainly bound for Tampa, and can take us home again."

How rapidly characters appear to shift with shifting circumstances! Mary and Frank, who but a minute before were the only ones calm-and-disposed to speak in tones of cheery and hope, now began to weep and loss all self control; while Robert and Harold, shaking off their despondency, sprang to their feet, and while bright eyes and ready limbs, prepared once more for effort. Harold stood the glass, and looked long and steadily. "She is coming to us; we are going to her very fast," said he. "Perhaps both; and now what shall we do?"

"Rig up a signal, and load the guns," replied Robert. "Let us attract their attention as soon as possible. Quick, sister, get me a shawl!"

In the course of fifteen minutes they had the sheet rigged and floating; and by the time the guns were loaded, they could clearly discern, as only the hull; but the portholes of the vessel, and her long raking masts. There was no doubt that she was a revenue cutter, bound for Tampa. Suddenly some every moment more certain that with all some change in the course of one or the other, they must pass at a considerable distance. Now what should they do? The sky, which had been gradually cloud-d over, now they saw the vessel, began to be rapidly and heavily overcast as they spoke, and Frank, fearful that rain might fall, and utterly obscure their signal before it was seen, the boys resolved to fire their guns, as there was no other means available that they could be heard. At the first discharge the fish, which had probably been frightened in the morning by the cannon at the fort, jerked so terribly as almost to unseat them. At the discharge of the remaining guns it seemed as if the last and last ally-cord, until finally it consisted darting altogether; its strength was failing. Soon afterwards they saw the smoke of two cannon from the vessel, and then a flag run up the mast. "They see us!" cried Robert and Mary.

"But can they help us?" asked Harold. "Now we are running between them and the shore, faster than any vessel can sail except in a storm, and there is scarcely wind enough to fill their sails, and what there is is against them coming to us. Robert, we must break that chain, or yet all is lost."

There was apparently some battle on board the cutter. Many persons could be distinguished by the glass, looking at them and at the shoals. They were preparing to lower a boat, yet with some hesitation. This was immediately explained by the singular appearance of the cloud between the boat and the vessel. It had become exceedingly dark and angry. A portion of the middle seemed the shape of a trumpet, and descended with a sharp point toward the water while a broad column ascended from the sky to meet it; and then sea and sky roared and roared in terrible unison.

"It is a water spout!" said Robert, "if it strikes the vessel she is gone. Look there, Harold, look!"

The cutter began to give sensible evidence of the whirling eddy. Her sails flapped and flew in the rending blast. Soon they heard (even) from the roar of two more cannon. They were for the purpose of breaking the threatening column. They saw the descending pillar gradually recede and spread itself into a dark mass of cloud which poured out a shower of rain so as entirely to hide the vessel from sight. Afterwards they heard another cannon. That is for us," Robert said; "let us answer it as well as we can."

They fired gun after gun, and heard answer after answer in reply, but each fainter than before. Their last hope of being saved, by attracting the vessel was far away, and hidden by the rain which enveloped her. They had been hurried from the shore but a short very dark overhead, and threatened both spit and wind. They were far enough from home now for, they could not conceive, and for the first time the boys began to despair. Mary's heart will see. The boys were relaxing rapidly into that moody despair, which is so natural after strong yet fruitless exertion, when a flash of lightning struck in the water about a hundred yards before them. Its near was attended by an awful crash, that they were almost blinded by the blaze, and stunned by the report. Their boat instantly relaxed its speed, and was soon motionless upon the water. They began rapidly to bail it out. The rain was now descending in torrents, and the fish was evidently in the act of sinking. Harold and Robert, with their caps, and the sails and shipped quickly from its grasp.

"Thank God we are to be set free through suffering from Robert. Harold turned on him with strong emotion. Once more, tears gathered in his eyes. Robert said he, 'I never did make pretension to being a Christian, or accepting terms, but if we do not thank God, all of us, for this, when we get safe to land, we do not deserve to live.'

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The Daily Tribune.

CITY OF CHICAGO:

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR MONEY?

The future, politics, business, and pleasure, which the Mormon community in the Great Salt Lake Valley wield will secure, is a subject of very great moment to all who want to know what is to be very few years just ahead of what they will then come. There can be no doubt but that within the boundary lines of the present territory of Utah, and within the next ten years, will be the very wealthiest portion of the United States, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. The whole world is pouring its population and its wealth into that favored valley. The overland emigration to California, the annual emigration to Oregon, the annual emigration to Australia, the annual emigration to Europe, will all combine to swell the annual increase of population and wealth in the Great Salt Lake Valley, and that which takes between the gathered Church of Mormon and the Constitution of the United States; between the institutions of Joe Smith and those of the Republic.

At next look but a question of time, and the issue is manifest to every one. The more vile and corrupt the Mormon community in the Great Salt Lake Valley shall become, the more rapidly will their population and wealth increase. For it is the very essence of the Mormon religion to gather to itself the wealth of the world. Its very life depends upon its success in this respect. Its very existence depends upon the amount of wealth which it can gather to itself. Its very power depends upon the amount of wealth which it can gather to itself. Its very ability to defy the United States

The Daily Tribune.

LOCAL MATTERS.

GOLD.—The deficiency in the supply of gold for this city, is caused by two of the Banks not giving out. The Superintendent informs us that there will be a supply amply sufficient to meet all wants by Saturday or Sunday evening. It will be well for consumers to economize the supply by shutting off as many burners as possible. No blame can charged to the Gas Company for this deficiency. The accident was unavoidable, and they are using every exertion to have it remedied as soon as practicable. They have been delayed by the detention of their castings and pig brick, on their transportation from the east.

For GRAND HAVEN AND MUSKEGON.—The steamer London, Capt. Geo. P. Brown, will leave for the above ports at 9 o'clock this morning. She starts from Hugunin's dock, foot of Franklin street.

FIREMEN'S REVIEW.

The semi-annual review of the Chicago Fire Department took place yesterday afternoon. The companies formed on State street, and marched in procession through Lake, to Clark street, across the bridge, and through some of the principal thoroughfares of the North and West Divisions, to Madison street bridge, where a trial of the engines took place. No. 4, as a natural consequence, threw the highest stream; and it is generally conceded that No. 7 was next best. The companies then marched down Randolph street, and after a trial between Nos. 2 and 5, in front of the Second Presbyterian Church, they dispersed to their homes.

The jubilee closed by an annual ball given by Niagara Company No. 2, in the evening, at North Market Hall.

Our citizens have often had occasion to praise the Fire Department for their active exertions, and the appearance of the companies yesterday gave us assurance that they are ever on hand to battle the devouring element, and save the property of all who are worthy of their aid.

☞ Passengers going South this morning will please observe the advertisement of the Illinois river packet "Naiad," for St. Louis.

HOG PARAGRAPH.—The Detroit *Free Press* of the 12th, says: four thousand dollars were offered, within a few days past, for the charter of the propeller *Fairy*, for one trip from Chicago to Buffalo and back. The offer was declined, as the vessel could not be spared from the line in which she is running.

NEW ENGLAND CHURCH.—This is the name assumed by the Congregational Church recently formed in this city on the North side, under the ministerial care of Rev. J. C. Holbrook.

NEW VESSEL.—The new barque Northern Light, Capt. L. A. Holt, arrived at this port yesterday forenoon from Kingston, C. W., with 350 tons of pig iron. She was built at Clayton, Ohio, last spring, and is a staunch looking craft. Her sailing capacities are not of a crack order, as she has been four weeks and one day on her passage from Kingston.

SEA NOVEL.—W. W. Danenhower, 132 Lake street, has just received a new Sea Novel, by "Sol Bustline," entitled the "White Cruiser, or The Fate of the Unheard Of."

POLICE COURT.

Before Judge RICKER. There were but two cases before the Court yesterday morning.

William French, a visitor from Somecastle, "got to drinking and didn't know when to stop." Was found at 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening, in a gutter on Clark street. Fined $3 and costs.

John S. Miller arrived late the previous evening on the cars. Was found as aforesaid by the Police on South Water street, too drunk to know where he was. Was fined $3, and sent to the Bridewell 10 days, for contempt of Court.

THEATRICAL.—MACBETH.—We had the pleasure, in common with a very large audience, of witnessing Mr. Neafie's rendering of this great character on Wednesday evening. To say that Mr. N. as a star actor is but half the truth.—He has the "noble, sublime and godlike action," and more than this, he has the voice, whose every intonation is under perfect control. We have seen Macbeth in the hands of many eminent artists, and many have justly carried along with them the hearty sympathies of their audiences, but on Wednesday night, the very air, (at some points during the play) seemed impregnated with the spirit of the piece; and the action and profound stillness which would ensue upon the rendering of the same difficult and effective part, were too marked to be mistaken for anything but the deepest sympathy of the audience with the actor. Mr. Neafie's *color* is one of the best we have ever heard, and it is in the possession of a master. He placed the "accents in the proper spot." We noticed particularly his voice at that point where Macbeth (on being coldly convinced that he had seen one not born of woman) exclaims, "Lay on Macduff, and—d—d be he who first cries hold, enough! Too many artists are here false in their reading as well as wrong in their conceptions of the character of a man under these trying circumstances. They too often cry it out in the top of their voice, and thus compel their lungs to do that truthfulness to nature ought to do. Not so Mr. Neafie. He modified his voice to the low, fierce, yet *distinct* accents of despair, and the effect was immediately felt throughout the entire house. Every tongue was hushed, every eye fixed, and even those in the act of changing their positions, for an instant stopped.

We shall, at a more fit time, review some of Mr. Neafie's acting more at length, and give him the benefit of our voice, (small though it be.)

In MACBETH, Mr. SMILEY played well, very well. The favorable impression which we, in common with the public, have received of this young actor, is very certain to be confirmed.—He has talents of a high order, and well disciplined and cultivated, they will lead him to distinction.

To-night, the play of the Corsican Brothers is to be repeated. This is one of the plays which have become almost the sole property of Mr. Neafie.

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STATEMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE Marine Bank of Chicago.

Monday, October 10, 1853.

Capital Stock paid in $250,000 00
Amount loaned to the Stockholders according to Law $124,000 00
Amount due to other Banks 45,182 27
Amount due to the Bank 2,140 00
Deposits 69,185 27
Bonds and Mortgages 124,000 00
Notes discounted 45,182 27
Real Estate 2,140 00
Cash on hand 69,185 27
Cash deposited in other Banks 69,185 27
Bills receivable 69,185 27
Bills of other Banks 69,185 27
Specie 69,185 27
Due from other Banks 69,185 27
Total $250,000 00

JOHN WENTWORTH, President.
GEORGE P. BISSELL, Cashier. Chicago, Oct. 10, 1853.

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THE CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE.

VOL. V

BUSINESS CARDS.

EASTMAN

DAILY CHICAGO TRIBUNE, OCTOBER 11 1853